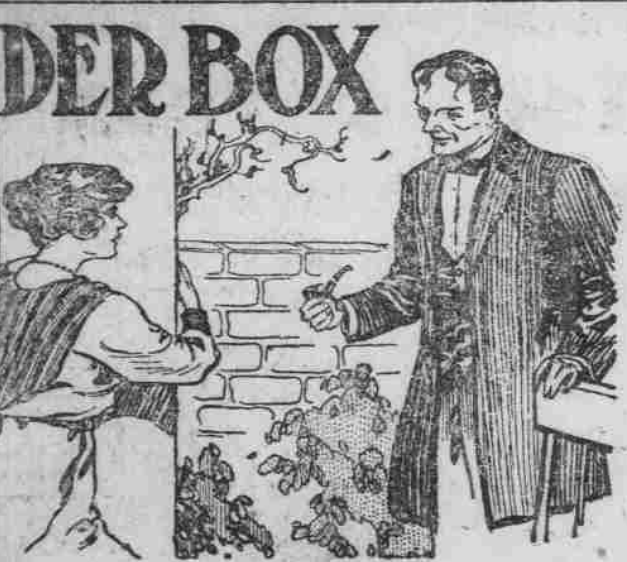


The TINDER BOX

by
**MARIA
THOMPSON
DAVIES**
AUTHOR OF
"THE MELTING
OF MOLLY"



Copyright, 1915, the Century Company.

(Continued.)

It seems that as his father is one of the most influential directors and largest stockholders in this new branch of the Cincinnati and Great Railroad he has got the commission for making the plans for all the stations along the road, and he wants to give me the commission for drawing all the gardens for all the station yards. It will be tremendous for both of us so young in life, and I never dared hope for such a thing. I had only hoped to get a few private gardens of some of my friends to like and pose over, but this is something. My mind is beginning to work on in terms of hedges and fountains already and Dickie may be coming south any minute.

I have been in Glendale a whole month now, and I can't see that my influence has revolutionized the town as yet. I don't seem to be of half the importance that I thought I was going to be. I have tried, and I have offered that bucket of love that I thought up to every body, but whether they have drunk of it to profit I am sure I can't say. In fact, my loneliness has liquefied my gaseous affection into what almost looks like effluvia.

Still, I know Uncle Peter is happier than he ever was before because he has got me to come to as a refuge from Aunt Augusta, a confidante for his views of life that he is not allowed to express at home and also the certainty of one of Jasper's juleps.

Sallie has grown so dependent on me that my shoulders are assuming a masculine squareness to support her weight. I am understanding Cousin James to such an extent over at Wide-gables that I feel like the heir to his house. Cousin Martha sends for me when the chimney smokes and the cows get sick. I have twice changed \$5 for little Cousin Jasmine and sternly told the man to get out on their farm on Providence road that he must not root up the lavender bushes to plant turnip greens in their places. I afterward rented the patch from him to grow the lavender because he said he couldn't face the price that the greens would bring him "for crotchets."

Mrs. Hargrave has given me her will to keep for her, and the sealed instructions for her burial. I hope when the time comes the two papers will strike a balance, but I doubt it.

Her ideas of a proper funeral seem to coincide with those of Queen Victoria, whom she has admired through life and mourns sincerely.

Henrietta has not been heard to indulge in profane language since I had a long talk with her last week out in the garden, that ended in a stabby stab and the gift of a very lovely locket which I impressed upon her was as chaste in design as I wished her speech to become.

The twins have been provided with several very lovely pieces of wearing apparel from my rapidly skill acquiring needle. That's on the credit side of my balance. But that is all, and it doesn't sound revolutionary, does it, Jane?

Petunia married Jasper according to his word of promise, and I have taught her to cook about five French dishes that he couldn't concoct to save his life, and which help her to keep him in his place. His pomposity grows daily but he eyes me with suspicion when he sees me in secret confab with Petunia.

"We needs a man around this place," I heard him mutter the other day as I left the kitchen.

I wonder! The garden has been weeded, replanted, trained, clipped and garnished, and my arms are as husky and strong as a boy's and my nose badly sunburned from my strenuousness with hoe and trimming scissors.

All of which I have done and done well. But when I think of all those five girls that are waiting for me to solve the emotional formula by which they can work out and establish the fact that man equals woman, I get weak in the knees.

Jane's letters are just pride.

CHAPTER VII.

"I don't understand him at all!" OUR cultivated artistic nature ought to be a very beautiful revelation to the spiritual character of the young Methodist divine you wrote me of in your last letter. Encourage him in every way with affectionate interest in his work, especially in the Epworth league on his country circuit. I am enclosing \$50 subscription to the work, and I hope you will give as much. You have not mentioned Mr. Hayes for several letters. I fear you are prejudiced against him. Seek to know and weigh his character before you judge him as unfit for your love." Thus Jane wrote.

The highly spiritual Mr. Haley glared at Polk for an hour out here on my porch when he interrupted us in one of our Epworth league talks in such an unsympathetic manner that Polk said he felt as if he had been introduced to the Apostle Paul while he was still Saul of Tarsus. I had to per the divine decorously for a week before he regained his benign manner. Of course, however, it was trying to even a highly spiritual nature like his to have Polk fight on pinning a rose in my hair right before his eyes.

About Polk I feel that I am in the midst of one of those great calm, oily stretches of ocean that a ship is rocked gently in for a few hours before the

storm tosses it first to heaven and then to hell. He is so psychic, and in a way attuned to me, that he partly understands my purpose in declaring my love for him to put him at a disadvantage in his loveliness to me, and he hasn't let me do it yet, while his tact suit goes on. It is a drawn battle between us and is going to be fought to the death. In the meantime Nell—

And while I was on the porch sitting with Richard Hall's letter in my hand, still unread, Nell herself came down the front walk and sat down beside me.

"Why, I thought you had gone fishing with Polk," I said as I cuddled her up to me a second. She laid her head on my shoulder and heaved such a sigh that it shook us both.

"I didn't quite like to go with him alone, and Henrietta wouldn't go because a bee had stung the red headed twin, and she wanted to stay to scold Sallie," she answered with both hesitation and depression in her voice.

"Polk is— is strenuous for a whole day's companionship," I answered experimentally, for I saw the true had come to exercise some of the biceps in Nell's femininity in preparation for just what I knew she was to get from Polk. My heart ached for what I knew she was suffering. I had had exactly those growing pains for months following that experience with him on the front porch after the dance four years ago, and I had had change of scene and occupation to help.

"I don't understand him at all," faltered Nell, and she raised her eyes as she bared her wound to me.

"Nell," I said with trepidation as I began on this, my first disciple, "you aren't a bit ashamed or embarrassed or humiliated in showing me that you love me, are you?"

"You know I've adored you ever since I could toddle after your heels, Evelina," she answered, and the love message her great brown eyes flashed into mine was as sweet as anything that ever happened to me.

"Then why should you wonder and suffer and restrain and be humiliated at your love for Polk?" I asked, firing point blank at all of Nell's traditions. "Why not tell him about it and ask him if he loves you?"

The shot landed with such force that Nell gasped, but answered as straight out from the shoulder as I had aimed.

"I wouldn't rather die than have Polk know how he affects me," she answered, with her head held high.

"Then what you feel for him is not worthy love, but something entirely unworthy," I answered loftily, with a very poor imitation of Jane's impressiveness of speech.

"I know," she faltered into my shoulder. "If it were Mr. James Hargrave I wouldn't mind anybody's knowing it, but something must be wrong with Polk or me or the way I feel. What is it?"

For a moment I got so stiff all over that Nell raised her head from my shoulder in surprise. Do all women feel about the Crag as I do?

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

Then I got a little further surprised. "I wouldn't in the least mind telling Mr. James how I like him—if you think it is all right," Nell mused, looking pensively at the first pale star that was rising over Old Harp's head.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

"I don't know," I answered weakly. And I don't know! Oh, Jane, your simple experiment proposition is about to become a compound quadratics.

Nujol

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A PURE WHITE
MINERAL OIL



Check Up Your Health Account

REAL health requires that the body eliminate its waste products regularly. Any delay in this process means that poisons accumulate and are absorbed into the blood.

If constipation is getting even a little grip on you—if you are having to resort more frequently to habit-forming laxative drugs—you are in need of Nujol.

Nujol is odorless and tasteless, absolutely neutral, and is not digested or absorbed into the system. It acts merely as a mechanical lubricant.

Nujol is not a drug. Its use will

not give quick, temporary relief. But Nujol is a genuine remedy in that it relieves constipation in the most natural way by lubricating the lining of the intestines, softening the intestinal contents, and thus promoting healthy and normal bowel activity.

Write for "The Rational Treatment of Constipation," an informative treatise on constipation. If you cannot get Nujol from your druggist, we will send you a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c—money order or stamps.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Bayonne

(New Jersey)

New Jersey

CALL FOR THE PRIMARIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, IN THE CITY OF BRIDGEPORT.

The Democratic Primaries, in and for the City of Bridgeport, State of Connecticut, will be held on Monday, October 11th, 1915, between the hours of five o'clock p. m., and nine o'clock p. m. in each of the voting districts in said City of Bridgeport, at which primaries delegates shall be selected to attend a convention for the nomination of a mayor, city clerk, town clerk, tax collector, city treasurer, three city sheriffs, three selectmen, and two members of the board of education, and to transact any other business that might legally be transacted by said convention. At the said Primaries, aldermanic candidates from each of the voting districts shall be chosen.

HUGH J. LAVERY,

Town Chairman of the Democratic Party.

Wanted

FIRST CLASS

All around Machinists, 8 hour shop, no war orders, good references required. Max Ams Machine Co., Seaford Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. G 2 d

AT DEVON

Kensington Park

Tomorrow

BIG OFFERING

TERMS REASONABLE

BRING OUT THE WIFE AND BABY

Take the New Haven or Walnut Beach trolley, get off at Beard's Corner and walk north 700 feet

BRIDGEPORT-PACIFIC LAND CO.

214 WARNER BUILDING

Telephone 1658-2

Feel Young Again

CERTILAX (The Certified Laxative).

Beware of the habit of constipation. Coax the overworked bowel muscles back to normal action with CERTILAX, "the certain laxative." It is the favorite prescription of an eminent New York City specialist, selected by five hundred physicians, who have tried out thousands of laxatives and decided upon CERTILAX as the best. They believe in gentleness, persistence, and Nature's assistance. CERTILAX opens the bowels; their action is gentle yet positive, never accompanied by griping or pain. One at night will give positive relief. CERTILAX IS FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES, or will be sent direct upon receipt of price. CURTIS CHEMICAL CO., 117 E. 24th St., NEW YORK. PRICE, 10c, 25c, 50c. One at night makes you right.

SPECIAL BOSTON FERN 19c EACH. JOHN RECK & SON.

YOU CAN'T BEAT

FRISBIE'S

FRESH APPLE PIES

MADE WHERE

EVERYTHING IS CLEAN

PATENTS

A. M. WOOSTER, Attorney-at-Law
Late Examiner U. S. Patent Office
1415 MAIN ST., SECURITY BLDG.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Send Postal for Booklet on Patents.

WANTED

GIRLS

FOR LIGHT, PLEASANT WORK

Warner Bros. Co.

APPLY

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

FIRST CLASS

Toolmakers & All

Round Machinists

WANTED

Give experience and references; 8 hour shop; high-end wages. Address

UNION

METALLIC CARTRIDGE

COMPANY

Employment Office, Barnum

Avenue L23 *11

First Class

GIRLS

WANTED

for light, pleasant work; highest wages paid; 8 hour

shop. Address

UNION

METALLIC CARTRIDGE

COMPANY

Employment Office, Barnum

Avenue L23 *11

NOTICE

Bridgeport Hydraulic Co.

NO. 829 MAIN STREET

Water Rates for the quarter ending Oct. 1st, 1915, are NOW DUE and payable at the office of the Company, No. 829 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before Oct. 15, 1915.

Business hours Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.

For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mondays, Oct. 5th and 12th, 1915

G1 * ALBERT E. LAVERY, Secretary.

THE

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

836 FAIRFIELD AVENUE

Twenty-fourth Year Begins

September 22, 1915

Elementary and advanced subjects covering high-school and earlier grades, in preparation for college, technical school, business, and the large preparatory schools.

Every student given special attention by experienced teachers: one to three years saved! Morning, afternoon, and evening sessions. Outdoor and indoor athletics.

The registrar will be at the school from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. after August 30. For other hours, telephone 642.

L28 *12

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of The Evening Farmer published daily at Bridgeport, Connecticut, for Oct. 1st, 1915.

Editor, F. Tucker, 179 Fairfield Ave.; managing editor, F. Tucker, 179 Fairfield Ave.; business manager, F. Tucker, 179 Fairfield Ave.; publisher, The Farmer Publishing Co., 179 Fairfield Ave. Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.): M. E. Stiles, 105 Brooklawn Place; F. Tucker, 105 Brooklawn Place; H. P. S. Tucker, 105 Brooklawn Place; H. M. Bagby, Stratford, Conn.; 146 Washington Ave.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: Henry C. Knight, 146 Washington Ave.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above, 10,476. (Signed) F. Tucker, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1915, John W. Rose, Notary Public. (My commission expires February 1st, 1917.)

LARGE

SOFT SHELL CRABS

50c dozen

W. D. Cook & Son,

523 Water St.

The enrollment of students in Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken is 445.

Deaths in Manhattan from street accidents in September 1915, numbered 23, as compared with 49 in the same month of 1914.

The negro leader of Havana, La. Coste, who was the brains and inspiration of the uprising in 1912, died suddenly after the authorities had examined him regarding the threatened negro revolt in Santiago.

FINANCIAL

3 Per Cent. INTEREST

Your Checking Account

We think this will appeal to you particularly in view of our experience of nearly fifty years in banking. We can assure you of safety, satisfactory conduct of your business, and courteous treatment.

Interest credited to accounts monthly. We would like to tell you about our methods. Call us on the phone or come in and see us.

T. L. WATSON & CO.

BANKERS
COR. MAIN AND JOHN STREETS
Established 1866

How Many People Need a Check Account

and yet are trying to get along without it. Why the sacrifice? Just consider its safety, convenience and economy and you'll realize it is to your interest to have one with

JAMES STAPLES & CO.

BANKERS
189 STATE ST., Bridgeport, Conn.

ARE YOUR HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Insured?

Fire Insurance today is as necessary as food, because you don't know what minute you are liable to damage by fire. We represent the best line of companies in the world. Why not let us make out a policy? The cost is very little indeed.

S.Loewith & Co.

116 BANK STREET
TELEPHONE 3

Property Owners!

WE HAVE
100 TENANTS TO PLACE
IN RENTS FROM \$15 TO
\$25 PER MONTH.
PARTICULARS

ANDERSON & CO.

63 JOHN STREET

FOR SALE OR RENT

FINE NEW HOUSE, ALL IMPROVEMENTS, FINE LOT, IN BEST PART OF STRATFIELD SECTION. : : :
T. B. WARREN
29 Sanford Building

For Sale

Two-family house, six rooms on each floor, butler's pantry, all improvements, lot 50x200, near St. Vincent's Hospital.
Building lots, North End, from \$300 up; weekly payments.

WILLIAM T. MULLINS

Real Estate and Insurance

POLI THEATRE BUILDING

Main and Congress Sts.

FOR SALE

TWO FAMILY HOUSE